

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS IN OCTOBER.

THE

Do You Intend Coming!

WAR CRY



VOL. III. No. 13. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, SEPT 18 1897. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North-Western America.] Price 5 Cents.



... once to place, village to village. I am always used to sleep under the trees, sleep under bridges, sometimes without taking food. Once in the jungle I fasted and prayed for six days. In the third month, the Lord gave me 5,000 souls. Hal- leluah. The Spirit of God wonderfully helped me. Whole villages throw off their idols, gave up their temples and got saved. We are not at all going for one soul, nor for two; we go on the "boom march." "Boom march" means that hundreds and thousands of souls must come. The Salvation Army is suitable for that. Amen!

The Salvation Army Can Break the Power of the Devil.

The Salvation Army can break the power of the devil. The Salvation Army can do it, for it has a wonder-working God. After these 14 years on a hard battle-field, the Lord sent me to England. When I received the order to go, I said, "There is no way going to England, because I don't know the language; I can remain in my own country." But the Spirit of God took me to England; so I went as a messenger. I never slept in the bed, I took my rained bedding and always used to sleep on that. They showed me a beautiful bed, I said, "I don't want that bed. Wherever I go I take mine with me." I was lodged in the home of a very rich lady and gentleman. After the meeting was over they took me to their home. They gave me a very fine room, full of furniture and brought me very nice food, which I never saw in my life. I sat at the table with the lady and gentleman. They told me to enjoy the food.

I was Keeping Quiet. No Grace.

The lady told me, "Go on, enjoy the

go on!" Then I asked her: "Are you saved?" she told "No!" I asked the gentleman: "Are you saved?" "No!" "I made a mistake in coming here—the Lord never sent me to enjoy your food. He never sent me to enjoy your country. I came as a messenger." The lady told me, "Don't make a noise! Go to bed!" I said, "Lady! I won't make a noise. I am speaking to you about your soul. I made a mistake!" "I brought you here!" "I made a mistake!" "Oh, you disgrace me! Insulting me!" I said: "Lady, if I disgrace you, make me to walk out. The lady told me, "Please yourself!" "All right!" I said.

I Took My Bed

I went to go away. I came near the door of the house. It was so very cold—freezing—the rain was pouring down when I opened the door. The lady told me, "Take care, the police will come after you!" I told her, "Rather I will go into the hands of the police. I won't stop in your house!" She ran and came after me and dragged me in. I thought she was going to give me a good thrashing. The lady left me and fell on the chair and wept. She said, "Major, the Lord brought you to my country. It's now eleven o'clock. You don't want to take your food! You seem to care very much about my soul! The Lord sent you to my house! I must get saved!" Then we prayed and sang. First they told me not to make a noise, but

After they Got Saved they Made a Noise.

We look foot at twelve o'clock. After four months in England, I went to America. Dear Commander Booth- Tucker he is there. We had wonderful

marched in the streets. Thousands of people came to Jesus. They got saved. The dear Lord took me to that wonderful place. I saw the strength of the Salvation Army. I am so glad I am in the Salvation Army. In the proper battle-field. My heart is full of victory. I have not the least doubt but that the Salvation Army is going to win the world.

DIAMOND DUST.

Some of the Marchalo's Sayings.

HOLINESS ever remains as an enigma to those who do not put God absolutely first.

Submit your life to the power of love and all will be simple and even.

If we possess Him we possess all things with Him.

We know God through perseverance.

Live prepared for misrepresentation for Jesus' sake.

We have only to throw a glance around us to see the power of bad habits.

Bad habits can be broken and replaced by the love of Purity and Holiness.

Calvary love can live without gratitude and die without a thank you.

God lives to help us, and though all else fail He faith never.

vation Army.

Some young sisters have got saved and are coming on fine. Have said good-bye to worldly dress and are going right into uniform.

Also a steward on a boat from England has got saved. This poor man has drank for twenty years, and was never sober for one month before he got saved. Thank God he has been delivered and his face now beams with joy because his soul is filled with the glory of God. He's going to return to England next week to look after a good wife who has been much neglected by him, also to be a good Soldier in the Salvation Army.

Others have got saved and the work is rolling on.

The "Drunkard's Home" went fine, and the people were delighted. We struck a new idea of advertising it. Captain Allen dressed up like a poor drunk and came to the open-air. He was indeed a hard-looking ticket. The eyes of all were soon upon him. One man said he was the fellow who had walked all the way from Spring Hill. Some of the Comrades were not too anxious to let him in the ring, for fear he might disturb the meeting, and a policeman went to "nab" him, but your humble servant took hold of him and gave them to understand the Army would look after him. After announcing the "Drunkard's Home," we put our man in a wheelbarrow and wheeled him off to the meeting. Did we have a crowd? Well, I should say so! The street was black with people and our Barracks full.

Yours for souls,
GILSON MILLER, D. O.

Every handsman in Ontario, and as many as possible out of it, should come up to the great Jubilee at Toronto.

'SALVATION EXPLOITS IN THE ROYAL CITY. GUELPH.

PART I.—The City.

IRREGULARITY is often fascinating, and thus it comes that Guelph's cross-cornered streets and undulating avenues have a charm all their own. Quite a little story there is to tell of the way in which the City came to its present uncommon arrangement. Upon the stump of the first tree felled in the vicinity—near the site of the present C. P. R. Depot—the survivor planted his compass and declared the spot to be the centre of the prospective City. But a difficulty arose in that the particular location was very near the banks of the Speed. Some one present saw a way out of the difficulty and suggested that the felled tree should still be the starting point of operations, but that the City should be laid out from it in the form of a lady's fan. The proposal must have been correct, for Guelph's streets are fan-like to the present day.



MAYOR OF GUELPH.

But all this happened seventy-one years ago, and to-day Guelph is a city of some 11,000 inhabitants, and with all the conveniences and comforts of a Canadian home town. Its commercial standing is of no small value, one of its industries being that of a large organ factory, while the close proximity of the Government Experimental Farm and Agricultural College also adds importance to the city.

Naturally one of the chief interests in connection with Guelph centres round its name; it is supposed that it is the only city in Her Majesty's Dominions which bears that name, and with its splendid public buildings, spacious churches and broad, well-kept streets, Guelph is not unworthy of its royal title. Guelph holds the honour of having established the first Public Library in the Province. On the 52nd anniversary of the felling of that historic tree and the fan-planning

of its streets Guelph was declared to be a city. To-day it is one of the most comely of cities, even in its hidden spots, and growing yearly in size and importance.

PART II.—The Corps.

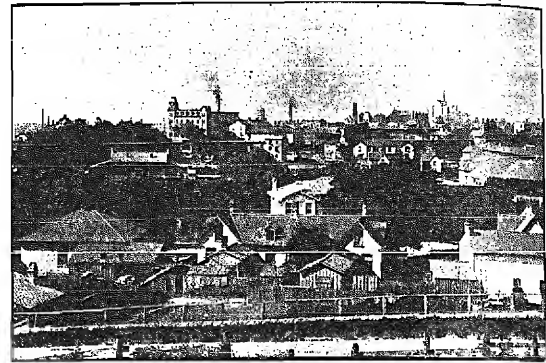
Well supplied with places of worship, Guelph certainly is, and always has been, but lingering in its by-ways and behind the saloon-doors was a stigmata of City society little touched by the tide of religious sentiment. It was specially in the interests of those that in 1884 a coloured flag was planted there by a daring band of unconventional workers, who raised their standard in the name of Salvation—for all, and for the worst. With the ambition which unerringly accompanies the determination of a split set on fire by God for the souls of men, the largest building in the place was taken for the first meetings. But the Drill Shed, roomy though it was, proved none too large for the requirements of the eager crowd who clamored to attend the meetings of the Blood and Fire band. Night after night saw the impromptu barracks crowded to the doors, and while many came to scoff, still more out of curiosity, hundreds remained to pray, and not a few of the worst characters of the City rose from the Army's penitentiary changed in character by the power of God's far-reaching Salvation.

As might have been expected, the Devil did not allow such good work to go on without an attempt to oppose, and the right of God's people to march in unshaken procession through the streets on Sabbath mornings was contested by scoffers. But the marks of God's favour with His people were unmistakable, all endeavours to impede were overcome, and the soul-saving progress of Guelph's Salvationism went on. Since then, our work in the City has gone through some storms, experienced some hardships and sorrow, but has come out on the top amid it all, and stands to-day stronger in the fidelity of its mission and deeper in the thoughtful confidence of its people than ever. The stream of popular curiosity has passed, but a surer and a stronger trust and love exists in the hearts of the citizens today for Salvationism in principle and in practice than ever, while the Soldiers are full of the zeal which, bound by ties of their comrades love and unity, is bound to bring about great conquests in the near future.

PART III.—The Present Commanding Officers.

Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield, the devoted Officers who hold the reins of Guelph's Salvation steed, are Salvationists of seventeen years' standing. Their long Soldiership in the ranks has doubtless given them exceptional facilities for an insight into the difficulties and opportunities associated with the detailed working of a Corps, which has been invaluable in many of their later experiences as Corps commanders.

Amongst the many successes with which God has graciously crowned their labours in the light, the triumphs which they have witnessed in Guelph stand not far back. Their loving hold upon the confidence of their people has helped them



VIEW OF GUELPH.

to lead and cure for the charge committed them, while they have seen increases in the roll which make the Corps to stand in greater strength to-day than ever. Giving his up-to-date testimony re the state of his mind on the matter of his present position, Ensign Wakefield says in a recent letter:

"We have had our fight at Guelph, but God has stood by us. We give Him all the praise and glory. We like the Royal City very much, and especially do we love our royal, loyal Soldiers. We are in our right place. Hallelujah!"

To which we are sure that Mrs. Wakefield, who, despite continual frailty of health, stands by her husband unflinchingly in every engagement of war, adds her heartfelt "Amen!"

PART IV.—A Typical Convert.

Had the Salvation Army come to Guelph to "call the righteous," then Walter Scott could never have been in-



ENSIGN WAKEFIELD, Guelph.

cluded in the invitation. His feet had slipped to lowest rungs on social and moral standing by the down-dragging chains of an appetite which left him a despairing slave, his wife a sad, struggling woman, and his children and home daily worse-cared-for. But, following his great Example, the Army's clarion spoke to sinners and not saints. So the call came to Walter Scott, and almost against his will he obeyed it.

As is often the case, their darkest hour preceded the dawn, and the Scott's home was desolation and distress extreme during the days that went before that wonderful transformation scene at the Drill Hall, which changed the master of the house into a soldier, saved man, and made of his long-suffering wife a rejoicing woman.

Walter Scott realized the wretchedness of it all as much as anybody. He had no wish to see his wife's face transfused, and his children shabby, and the cupboard empty; he had no desire to feel the gnawing thirst whose burning he must sacrifice all that was best in himself to appease—and just because he did wrong so consciously and hated himself for doing it, he grew daily more sullen and despairing. Poor Mrs. Scott—those were dark days for her. Had it not been that she knew her God and had the strong Arms of Everlasting Love upon which to lean, the sorrow would have been unbearable. Tears mingled with her prayers and spoke silent, eloquent petitions to the Bar of Heaven. Her life was a daily dread of what might come next—for drink had, thus, upon many occasions

stolen the least suspicion of gentleness from her once-loving husband, and yet through it all she kept the confidence of a childlike faith which, though a had to look through circumstances seemingly hopeless, pierced even their gloom and dared to believe that God, in His own time and way, would work a miracle and save her husband.

At last God's time came. Little did Walter Scott think it had had come so near. Everything seemed to be wrong that day, and the unwholesomeness of mind and wretchedness of body which are usually the drunkard's companions of his sober moments, reached a climax in the man's expectations that day.

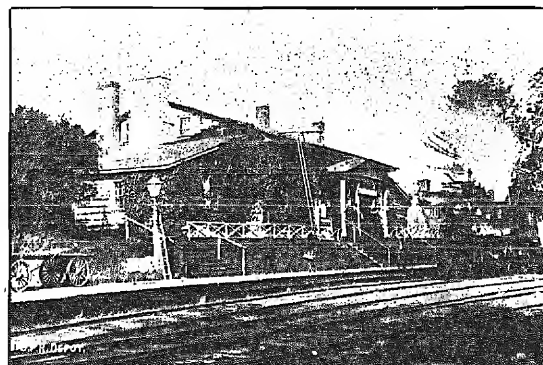
"That was the most miserable day of my life," he says now, "but it had a glorious ending."

Back amongst the City's tongs at the end of the Drill Hall sat Walter Scott that night, but he was not too far away from the platform, or too far gone in drink's dreamland the had been drink (or heavily) for the Spirit of God to pierce his clouded brain and stir conviction to his soul. Strange to say, a boon companion by his side was conscience-stricken at the same moment. "I'll go if you will," they said, almost simultaneously, and abashed he rose from their new resolve, they staggered in their drunkenness to the front. There was no mistake about the drunken condition of Walter Scott when he fell at the reformatory—there was no possibility to doubt his sobriety when he rose from his knees. The Lord had answered the faith which trembled through Mrs. Scott's position, and worked a miracle in her husband.



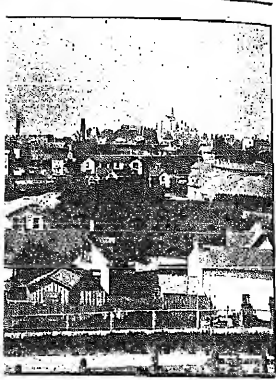
MRS. ENSIGN WAKEFIELD, Guelph.

The house was wrapped in darkness when his master returned from the Drill Hall that night. But upstairs a sorrowful, aching heart was keeping track of the hours as they passed, letting fall those agonized petitions humbly, save to God, and nerving the tried heart and shaking brain to listen for the stumble and the curse which should announce the husband and father's return. Presently the front door clicked and she listened for the sound of the unsteady fingers feeling for the clock, for, however drunk he might be, Walter never omitted to wind up the time-piece. But to-night something in his tread sounded strangely unfamiliar, and when the clock was carefully wound and he began to ascend the stairs, Mrs. Scott could hardly believe her ears, for his steps were steady. The next moment a gleam of hope was changed into glad certainty, for she heard his voice outside the door



C. P. R. DEPOT, Guelph.

One of the first houses erected in Guelph—the City has been laid out from this point.



QUELPH.

stolen the least suspicion of gentleness from her once-loving husband, and yet through it all she kept the confessions of a childlike faith, though a had to look through circumstances seemingly hopeless, pierced even their gloom and dared to believe that God, in His own time and way, would work a miracle and save her husband.

At last God's time came. Little did Walter Scott think it had come so near. Everything seemed to go wrong that day, and the multiplicity of mind and wretchedness of body which are usually the drunkard's companions at his sober moments, reached a climax in the man's experience that day.

"That was the most miserable day of my life," he says now, "but it had a glorious ending."

Hark amongst the City's tongs at the end of the Trail! Had not Walter Scott that night, but he was not too far away from the platform, or too far gone in drink's dreamland, had he been drinking heavily for the first of God to pierce his clouded brain and strike conviction to his soul. Strange to say, a boon companion by his side was conscience-stricken at the same moment. "I'll go if you will," they said, almost simultaneously, and shaking hands with their new resolve, they staggered in their drunkenness in the front. There was a mistake about the drunkard's condition of Walter Scott when he fell in the end-of-trail—there was no possibility to doubt his sobriety when he rose from his knees. The Lord had answered the faith which trembled through Mrs. Scott's petition, and worked a miracle in her husband.



MRS. ENSIGN WAKEFIELD, Guelph.

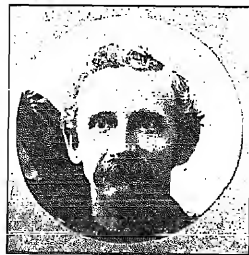
The house was wrapped in darkness when its master returned from the Trail that night. But upstairs a sorrowful, pecking heart was keeping track of the hours as they passed, thinking of those agonized petitions, handily sent to God, and nursing the first heart and throbbing brain to listen for the rumble and the curse which should announce the husband and father's return. Presently the front door clicked and she listened for the sound of the unsteady fingers feeling for the clock, for, however drunk he might be, Walter never omitted to wind up the three-dials. But to-night something in his tread seemed strangely unfamiliar, and when the clock was carefully wound and he began to ascend the stairs, Mrs. Scott could hardly believe her ears, for his steps were steady. The next moment, from the hope was changed into blind certainty, for she heard his voice outside the door

H. Gunnor, Esq.,
"The City," Guelph.J. A. Davidson, Esq.,
Guelph "Mercury."F. Armstrong, Esq.,
Guelph.

nished in times clear and steady, and she knew he was praying. This was not the next sleepless night of Mrs. Scott's night, but joy, not sorrow, kept sleep from her eyelids then.

So a new life began for Walter Scott's family.

Mrs. Scott's advent into Salvationism did not come until some time later. Thankful though she was for the agency which God had seen fit to use for the healing of the soul of her husband, from his former sin to a life of righteousness and peace, she yet cared far more for the quiet conduct of the spiritual home which had been hers for so long. Now was the time for the changed Walter Scott to pray for his wife, which he did fervently for he wanted her by his side in the light. But it was only after real



BRO. WALTER SCOTT, Guelph.

conviction that Mrs. Scott left her church and took her stand as a soldier in the Army. From the day of her calm decision she has never flinched, but calmly carried out her conviction to the full. A special call, she feels, came to her to the warning of the drunkard, and on this mission she visits the saloons night after night with War Cry under her arms, and having compassed her lips. And many an awakened drunkard has had reason to thank God for sending such a veritable messenger of hope into the house of his sinners as Mrs. Walter Scott, the ex-drunkard's wife. Her attitude for God's goodness is so practical that it has often closely impelled her to sacrifices of no small extent. There is one which has a genuine ring of nation about it: Mrs. Scott wears no wedding-ring—that was slaved off her finger when the Social Wine was explained in a meeting which



SIS. MRS. SCOTT, Guelph.

who attended for the additional efforts which were being put forth to save the drunkard she felt demanded her best. Much might be said of the good influence which the lives of these two comrades exert. Certainly their happy home-like a true Salvationist's quarters in its spotless simplicity, is a standing tribute to the Army's accomplishment in Guelph. As Walter Scott says in his quiet, dry way: "You may call it excellent if you like, but it has made a sober and a happy man of me," while all the evidence which the Lord has through the Salvation Army brought to the lives of his wife and children it would take more than this War Cry to contain.

Sinews of War.

Major Southall States Who is Responsible for Supply—Why and How Provision Should be Made.

To those at all familiar with Salvation Army operations the fact of our anxieties in the matter of financing the work is nothing new. Perhaps this may be due in some measure to the fact that we keep extending as fast as we get the wherewith to do so. Still, the fact of our embarrassed condition in many places cannot be attributed to this. There may be several reasons. We think there are, and will endeavor to notice a few.

Unsystematic Giving Among Our Own People.

To this weakness may be attributed in great measure, if I have observed rightly, the fact of our financial difficulties. Some people give according to the Officer in charge, or according to the condition of the Corps, and other circumstances. It is not a question of giving to God at all. The first step, therefore, to a bettering of our financial position, and the consequent facilitating of the interests of the Kingdom of God will be the creating of a system among our own people, which will result in a due

Recognition of What They Ought to Do, and Then Doing it.

according to system and method. This should not only apply to actual Soldiers, but as well to those who owe their conversion, and in many cases a tangible addition to their earthly possessions to the Army. Among some of the stringent folk we have run across in thirteen years of Officership has been some whom God has made the Army the instrument of doing the most for. Of course this is not given as the rule, or, if it were, we have also met some self-righteous exceptions.

Lack of Provision to Secure the Practised Sympathy of Outsiders.

We have been convinced long since of the fact that there are a number of men in almost every town and village where our troops are operating who would be glad to feel that in contributing a small sum monthly they would be assisting in the maintenance of a work which they feel is required to be done, and yet seems beyond the reach of their own charity. Who, in this country, has not felt the beneficial effect of the Salvation Army's operations? Perhaps in the restoration of a lost relative—in the conversion of a wayward son—or the rescue of a wandering daughter—the redemption of a drunken father or even the picking up of some member of the community who was a pest to the neighborhood and a disgrace to society.

Another, and not the least reason why the profound sympathy of all classes should be extended towards the maintenance of our work is the fact that the Army has made a great recruiting agency to the Churches, as well as having given no small stimulus to existing ones. Hundreds of our friends up and down the country recognize this, and would not be slow to give tangible expression of their appreciation were there a means for conveying it.

The "Local Defenders' League" and "Soldiers' Ammunition Scheme."

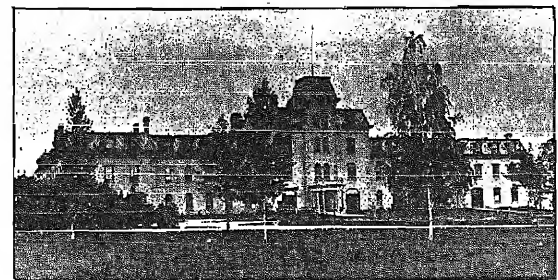
This is a dual scheme which is being launched in the West Ontario Province on September 21st with a view to meeting the pecuniary needs of the men in the preceding article. The former will be operated by means of a printed circular containing a slip to be called for a day or two after the delivery of the circular. This slip will specify amount of monthly subscription, which must not be less than ten cents, and name of the subscriber. Districts will be formed, and in many cases outsiders will act as collectors of the amounts promised. This scheme will be a progressive thing, and new members continually obtained. In

this way it is expected the local expenses will be met in almost every case.

The Soldiers' part is met by a promise on a printed card of a weekly amount, no doubt on which will be paid at the end of each month. This will be heartily taken up, judging by results already promised. Of course, we have heard of the old chestnut being trotted out once or twice about "not letting the right hand know what the left hand does." We have observed that as a rule this might be explained by the fact that the right hand would feel ashamed to hang on the same carcass.

We are of the opinion that opposite each Soldier's name on every Cartridge Roll throughout the Dominion, the amount of his weekly subscription should be stated. This need not be the limit of what he is able to give, but should be a guide to a Commanding Officer as to what he could depend upon from his own troops.

However, the Officers are enthusiastic, as are those Local Officers and Soldiers we have had the privilege of explaining the matter to. What Local Officer or Soldier would be worthy of the name that did not exert themselves to make an effort calculated to facilitate the interests of the Kingdom and the furtherance of the War a success?



ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Guelph.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD

AT THE

Guelph Camp Meetings.

I saw the well-known Soul-Saving Troupe.

I heard their beautiful singing and striking testimonies.

I saw five souls seek Salvation and Sanctification the first Sunday.

I saw the tent filled with an attentive crowd.

I heard Major Southall contrast the condition of the people of Canada and their beautiful harvest with famine-stricken India.

I saw the tent blown over by the wind in the afternoon.

I saw them repair the house of God on the Sabbath day.

I saw the people standing with their umbrellas in the evening in the tent.

I heard the thunder and the heavy patter of the rain on the well-worn canvas.

I heard the Major and Adjutant speak of the terrible storm that is coming, with such earnestness that two souls sought and found pardon at the close.

I saw the Harvest Festival display on Monday night at the Barracks.

I heard the Major speak to a large crowd about the "Successful Prospector."

I heard many express regret that more had not heard the wonderful description of the inexhaustible wealth of God's gold-mines.

I saw a lot of jolly happy people, who gave God the glory and are looking forward with joyful anticipation to the next camp meetings.

J. E. S. S. C.

CURRENT ITEMS

There is to be a great motor-car race from Paris to St. Petersburg.

The "Diamond" has been found on all continents and in almost every country of the world.

There are no fewer than 51 women high-house keepers in the employ of the United States, and 10 women are practising dentists.

The Spanish Government is preparing to banish all Anarchists from Spain. They will no longer find a home in England; they will not be allowed to land there.

The exports from Baltimore during August amounted to slightly over \$10,000,000 the largest on record. Of these grain formed the largest part, aggregating \$2,230,000 bushels.

The battleship "Renown" has left England for Halifax. She is one of the largest ships in the world and will be a

powerful and efficient addition to the North American Squadron.

A magnificent welcome was given the Commandant in the town of Guelph on the occasion of his recent visit there.

The recent coal discoveries in Newfoundland have proved very extensive and valuable; 60,000 tons are already visible, and it is expected that continuing will become one of the most promising resources of the Island.

A new chair has been invented which is supposed to prevent sea-sickness. It is set in a double oscillating frame which swings in all directions to relieve the motion of the boat with an adjusting weight underneath to steady it until the seamen gets in.

A monster tortoise has been imported by the Honourable Walter Rossitch from Mauritius and placed in the London "Zoo." It is supposed to be above 200 years old. It can be traced for 150 years, as it was owned by branches of the same family. Its weight is 550 pounds and it measures 5 ft. 6 in. from head to tail.

A Chicago inventor has at last solved the problem of telegraphic communication with a train on the line. By means of this invention every train can be in constant communication with the station next ahead, and when desired, with the train dispatcher or any public telegraph station. This discovery will revolutionize railway science.

The Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, had a very narrow escape on the evening of his arrival in the St. Lawrence. The smoke and brilliant lights from the shipping confused the pilot and prevented him observing the lighthouse by whose beacon they always steer. A large steamer coming down the river passed within 20 feet of her. The pilot believed the escape to have been positively miraculous.

Ex-Mayor Stevenson,
Guelph.Ex-Mayor Lamproy,
Guelph.Jan. Isaac, Esq., Ex-M.P.,
Guelph "Mercury."

What's in the Cry This Week?

Read the following:

CHRIST AT THE WORLD'S TRIBUNAL—(From the "Pioneer")—by A. L. P.

LABOUR DAY WITH THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

HOLINESS SERIES, No. 11.—SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD—By A. L. P.

A MODERN FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

MY MIGHTY PLEA—(Poem).

ALL ABOUT GUELPH.

OUR KLONDIKE PIONEERS.

SINews OF WAR.

MAJOR DEVA SUNDRIUM.

DIAMOND DUST—(from La Marchale's sayings).

TOOLS FOR HOLY TASKS.

WAR NEWS, MISSING COLUMN HELPS, etc.

SERIAL STORIES. — "DAD SLOSS."

"STRANGE LOVES." (Continued).

SONGS.

Look out for news of the Field Commissioner's Eastern Campaign.

WAR CRY

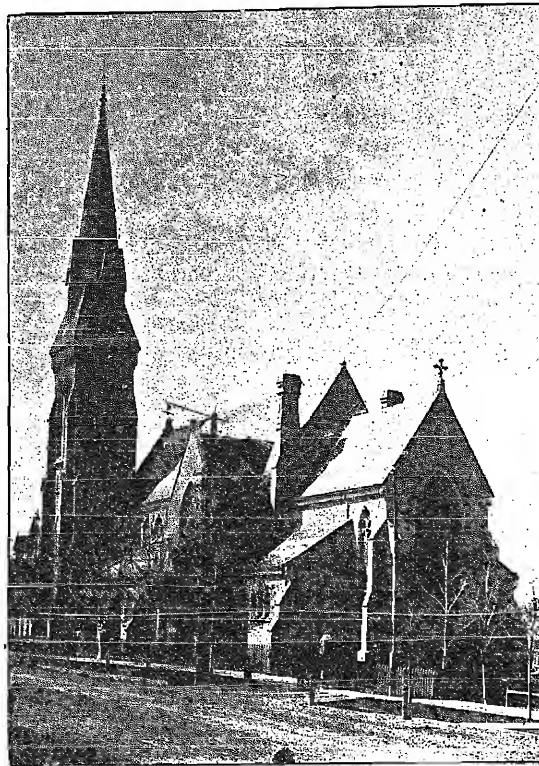
LABOUR DAY.

LABOUR DAY will long live in the memories of Officers of Toronto and the Territorial Headquarters Staff. Those unconventional hours of unusual leisure spent in the warm, flower-scented atmosphere of the Social Farm cannot be other than pleasant recollection. This utilization of the holiday for an outing to her Staff was a novel and appreciable undertaking on the part of the Field Commissioner. These public outings are generally used in our ranks as seasons for some great demonstration for the public's welfare, but this one the Commissioner decided should be devoted to pleasure and profit—giving to those whose every-day is absorbed with the service of others. The day was a well-proportioned mingling of physical and spiritual refreshing and of that free, unprogrammed character which best suits the taste of a Salvationist. There was another significance in the day's proceedings, at least it was suggested to some minds, and that was the object lesson which that day of healthful enjoyment in the fresh air offered, and which spring out of the always-present Salvationism which made it no hard or unnatural thing for all to slip from the happy freedom of the earlier hours into the quiet moments of spiritual converse when the shadows began to fall.

The General's Campaigning.

Open-Airs Extraordinary—Continental Triumphs.

THE GENERAL'S recent visit in our Dutch comrades was a tremendous success. It seemed as if the elements had determined upon frustrating every one's high hopes, for rain fell and fell and fell, and just at the most inconvenient moments during the great Field Day in the Baron von Tuxill-Schmoeckert's Park. But Salvationists have long since exploded the theory that any moisture of atmosphere has power to damp the ardour of hearts at Salvation bent, and notwithstanding disadvantages the day was a marked and magnificent success. While the rain poured the people willingly stood in their soaked clothing, closely packed together in such refusal as the Orangery, where red-hot Salvation meetings were held. The crowds belied the so-called stolidity of their Dutch character by manifesting enthusiasm second to none ever recorded. The General, The Marchale and Commissioner Booth-Cliffborn, assisted in the glorious fight, which resulted in the visible outcome of that position-forms increased strength and inspiration to our comrades fighting for the Faith behind Holland's dykes. God bless our conquering General!



A GUELPH CHURCH.

AT THE CENTRE.

(Special).

Yesterday a remarkable day at the Temple. Splendid and typical open-air. Poor fallen girl, with a Catholic sister, sought mercy in Jesus at the afternoon meeting. Night, four at the Cross. Brigadier Road, Staff-Captain Minnie, Adjutant Stanton, Ensign Keating, and other speakers. God-inspired. Temple Corps looking up. Ensign Alward has road hold. Splendid prospects for winter campaign. Visitors to Toronto Fair attracted and interested by Army's own manoeuvres.



THE COMMENCEMENT of operations on the new Social Farm at Driefontein, near Johannesburg, has been decided upon by Commissioner Ridsdell, and Adjutant Whitley, for some years in charge of the Farming Department on our Rondebosch Farm, has been appointed to the oversight of the same.

A Police Officer in Arizona was pleasantly surprised when a young man came up to him on the street, handing him a screw plate with the remark that he had stolen it from him some time ago. He said that he had joined the Salvation Army and was returning things which he had stolen while still in and of the world.

A tramp who bent the Missouri Railway Company out of car-fare by riding into St. Louis on a break-beam, confessed conversion in a Salvation Army meeting, and exemplified the teaching of Christ practically by remitting fines to that corporation in payment of stolen rides.

The Social Annual at Melbourne was a magnificent occasion, presided over by Lord Thrusby, supported by Sir John

Madden, the Honourable Dalkin and Judge Molesworth. We are not surprised three-quarters of an hour before starting all seats were occupied. Commandant and Mrs. Booth were at their very best, and the whole occasion has marked an onward step in the history of the Salvation Army in the Colony of Victoria.

The Australian Headquarters' Band has for non he plume the title of "Musical Mozarts."

A Greece Before Meat Agent and also a Soldier in the United States Army is an enthusiastic and progressive worker. Two dozen boxes are under his care, and he is pushing them amongst his military comrades.

If many hundreds of English Box-holders would do one-quarter of the riding which the Naval and Military Leaguers at Cairo do, shouldn't we be able to force ahead? What think you of six boxes producing \$15.00? This practical lesson would fit other battle-fields beside the Old Land.

Alarm amongst the stenographers is reported as having taken place during the further development of Commander Booth-Tucker's Colonization Scheme, but the extra correspondence is gladly got through by our devoted American Comrades. The Scheme is advancing. One of the latest marks of its progress hails from San Francisco, where in a meeting of the Citizen's Committee \$10,000 was subscribed towards Californian colonization.

Commissioner Ridsdell's visit to the Transvaal has been an all-round success.

The Commandant's message to the General on the occasion of his 32nd anniversary at the Crystal Palace is ambitious, to say the least. "For affection, General and Self-Denial, Australia challenges all eration!"

How many Thelwell-reminders do the courage of conscientious religion supply? "Ah!" said a military man to one of our Ministry Leaguers, as he bowed his head to ask God's blessing upon his men, "I used to do that, but have given it up since entering the service."

COMING SOON.

New Serial: "THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND THE SALVATION ARMY," by A. L. P.

Holiness Series, No. 111. "CHANGE-ABLENESS."

ALL ABOUT LONDON.

THE FIELD

Commissioner's Tour IN THE EAST.

THE COMMISSIONER, accompanied by Major Fugmire and Staff, and Miss Wille, will visit:

WINDSOR, Friday, - Sept. 17

HALIFAX, Sunday, - " 19

(Officers' Councils.)

NEW GLASGOW, Monday, " 20

CHARLOTTETOWN, - " 22

Wednesday, - " 23

MONCTON, Thursday, - " 23

(Officers' Councils.)

GIGANTIC . . .

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

IN TORONTO, OCTOBER 11 TO 17 (inclusive)

CONDUCTED BY

The Field Commissioner, (MISS BOOTH).

Staff Councils—Officers' and Soldiers' Councils—Great Soul-Saving Campaign in Pavilion.

UNPRECEDENTED PROCESSION illustrating the work of the Salvation Army. THE JUNIORS IN ARMS—THE BAND OF LOVE IN ACTION—BICYCLE HUGADE in great gallop. THE RECENT WORK—WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S SHELTERS and LEAGUE OF MERCY, practically portrayed.

ARMY'S SOCIAL BRANCH—the Shelter in operation, a wheels-seven stages of arm. THE INDUSTRIAL FARM, with living and real representation, including Grace-Before-Meat and "The Missing."

LITERARY LIGHTS and TRADE BRANCHES brought to front, etc., etc.

MUSICAL MASS MEETING IN MASSES HALL. Massing of Bands—Music Sweet and Strong—Juniors' Musical Exercises—Dumb-bells—Bar-bells, etc.

COMMISSIONER'S ADDRESS.

Handling of Colors and Vales.

Matchless Scene.

Thrilling Time.

The Provincial Officers—Staff-Officers and all Ontario Field Officers—Leads, etc., present.

COME! COME! COME!

Cheap railway rates! Return journey for single fares.

Public Meetings as follows:

MONDAY, 8 p.m.

Welcome Demonstration, conducted by the Chief Secretary.

TUESDAY, 8 p.m.

Officers' and Soldiers' United Council, conducted by the Field Commissioner.

WEDNESDAY, 8 p.m.

Field Officers' Demonstration, conducted by Major Gaskin.

THURSDAY, 8 p.m.

Great Mass Meeting in Masses Hall, conducted by the Field Commissioner.

SUNDAY, 11 a.m.

Great Holiness Meeting, led by the Chief Secretary.

3 and 7 p.m.

GREAT SALVATION DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE PAVILION. THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN COMMAND.

Further particulars next week.

Any Staff or Field Officer who has friends with whom they could assist during the Octobry meetings, tell Brigadier Road so by post-card at once!

THE FIELD

Commissioner's Tour
IN THE EAST.

Commissioner, accompanied by
Pugmire and Staff, and the
visit.

Sept. 17 - Friday
Sept. 18 - Saturday
Sept. 19 - Sunday
(Officers' Councils)
Sept. 20 - Monday
Sept. 21 - Tuesday
Sept. 22 - Wednesday
Sept. 23 - Thursday
(Officers' Councils)

Sept. 24 - Friday
Sept. 25 - Saturday
Sept. 26 - Sunday
(Officers' Councils)

Sept. 27 - Monday
Sept. 28 - Tuesday
Sept. 29 - Wednesday
Sept. 30 - Thursday
(Officers' Councils)

Sept. 31 - Friday
Sept. 32 - Saturday
Sept. 33 - Sunday
(Officers' Councils)

Sept. 34 - Monday
Sept. 35 - Tuesday
Sept. 36 - Wednesday
Sept. 37 - Thursday
(Officers' Councils)

Sept. 38 - Friday
Sept. 39 - Saturday
Sept. 40 - Sunday
(Officers' Councils)

Sept. 41 - Monday
Sept. 42 - Tuesday
Sept. 43 - Wednesday
Sept. 44 - Thursday
(Officers' Councils)

Sept. 45 - Friday
Sept. 46 - Saturday
Sept. 47 - Sunday
(Officers' Councils)

THE WAR CRY.

A MEETING BY MOONLIGHT

The Field Commissioner
SPENDS LABOR DAY WITH HEADQUARTERS AND TORONTO CITY OFFICERS
ON THE SOCIAL FARM.

God's Fresh Air - Social Farm Hospitality - A Spiritual Feast.

LABOR, on this North American
continent, is relieved somewhat
from the rough edge of daily toil
by the frequent holidays which,
for a period of twenty-four hours place
the sons of toil amongst the more highly
favored "leisure classes." And it was one
of these holidays, "Labor Day," the
sixth of September, that the Field Com-
missioner, with her usual kind thought
for others, celebrated, with a number of
her officers, at the Social Farm in a day
of physical and spiritual recreation, which
must have made every officer better fitted
in body and soul for the work of the
future.

Mrs. Adjutant Dool, wife of the Gen-
eral, and her aides of the Commissioner
department, had a big contract to carry
through in providing the excellent dinner
and supper, for the hotel dining-room and
the hall used by the farm hands for
meetings were both filled with the visi-
tors, who on this occasion "ate to live"
with evident relish. We could say with
holistic thrust:

"Some had meat, but cannot eat.
And some there be that want it;
But we have meat, and we can eat,
And say 'The Lord be thanked!'"

God bless those who ministered in tem-
poral things!

God's fresh air was enjoyed, the splendor
of the farm viewed, and there was much
pleasant social intercourse; but no one
who was there with duty that the meet-
ing by moonlight on the lawn in front
of the Governor's residence was the best
of all the day's proceedings.

A Spiritual "At Home."

The moon sent her silvery beams down
from an almost cloudless sky on the
group of officers, who on the green space
between the beds of asters sat in home-
ly style around the Field Commis-
sioner.

Brigadier Margetta, in the absence of
the Chief Secretary, acted as spokesman
for the Field Commissioner in the pre-
liminary ex-ordes, and in the charming
which helped to unify the feeling and
aspiration of the company from time to
time. He reminded us that we have to
do with two worlds, that represented by
the apple-tree, the roses, the flowers,
the food, etc., all of which we rightly
enjoyed, and also the inner and spiritual,
though not less real world, where our
souls could meet God more intimately
than our minds can through the natural
works. He exhorted all to put zest into
worship and faith similar to the hotel-
table scene a while previous; and proved
that his exhortation was heeded.

Adjutant Dool, with a face that is
lighted from heaven, rose to speak first.
"I have the consciousness of God's smile
at this present time. I am daily seeking
to be approved of God. I am full of service
for the Kingdom. I love the work. The
fire of God is in my bones. We (himself
and Lieut. Street Soldiers) are going on
to revolutionize the West-end of the
City." These were some of the ringing
sentences which fell from his lips.

Shortly after this there was a sudden
rush across the other side of the marked
garden path, which bordered the lawn
whereon we sat, and Captain Hanna,
that broad-faced, broadly-smiling head
of the military department, darted from
his seat like a wolf after the prey. In-
stantly all heads turned Westwards,
and behold! it is the cows, of which
there are between twenty and thirty-
which have come through the gateway
and are now better-dressed across the
garden, pursued wildly by a farm-hand.

The incident furnished a text for the
Territorial Secretary, who improved the
occasion by calling us to concentration
of attention to the object of the hour,
but it's hard for city people not to stand-
by look at the cows under the circum-
stances. (The writer forgives whether the
farmer looked.)

That worthy old warrior, Adjutant
Manton, was soon on his feet and the
meeting swung into line again. He re-
verted to his coming to this country as

a young man, and called himself a hard
name, although as a matter of fact he
was what people usually call a very
studious young fellow. He magnified God
for His goodness to him, and struck a
chord of sympathy in other hearts when
he told of his mother, who
never knew him as a saved
boy, and who lost her power of
hearing, it through paralysis. Then he
blessed God for the opportunity and lib-
erty afforded him in the Army to run
round a barnyard and shout "Hallelu-
jah!" if he felt that way, or go and
put his arms round a poor drunken in-
his "month" (he should have said "ten-
der") way and lead him to the
Cross of Jesus. He said the Army is his
home, and spoke tenderly of the eld-
ers coming home to rest, an allusion to
the probable return of some ex-officers
who are finding there is a heart in the
Army that beats warmly towards them,
and probably a chance for them to be
back in the family circle again.

A smile overspread many faces when
our stump orator, Eosien Frank Morris,
rose. "We haven't much belief if we
don't let some out. My heart has been
washed white in the previous blood-
white-washed. My life is given up to
do God's will and service." Is the sub-
stance of Frank's testimony.

Solidly, as usual, characterized Staff-
Captain Minnie's utterances as he spoke
of a supreme and unswerving resolution
to love Christ, and emphasized the fact
that neither himself nor any one else
were upheld in right-living one moment
longer than God upholds.

Ensign Keating: "I have set my face
like a flint to go right on. Not a drop
of blood in me but pumps through my
veins for God Almighty. When I think
of what God might have made of me,
I'm undone. My whole being thanks to
do His will. Every pleading God has made
He has made me as much as to the
most powerful of His saints." Then in
a sort of paroxysm of praise, which
seemed to spring from the building-up
fountain of joy in his heart, he cried,
"Ever since the day I was saved, God Al-
mighty has smothered me with blessings.
"Hallelujah!" and a voice. "And you're
also yet." In return I can only give him
my best—LESS THAN THE BEST HE
SHALL NOT HAVE. Let us rise up and
take hold of the promises." Then sitting
down—"I've got a lot to say, but it
won't come out."

Mrs. Margetta's earnest, measured sen-
tences were heard next, acknowledging
God's great goodness in the restoration of
the Brigadier, and thanking her comrades
for their messages of sympathy in her
hours of darkness and affliction. Mrs.
Margetta's testimony referred to the Field
Commissioner, who had proved to be to
her not only a Commissioner, but a true
friend and sympathizer in a very prac-
tical way. Even when Brigadier Mar-
getta and herself could not fight at the
battle's front the Field Commissioner had
been as much or even more interested
in them. Then summing up in her al-

ways practical style, she said, "For all
this what does God require from me?
and the answer came, 'the living of a
more than ever consecrated life.'" Con-
cluding, she spoke of her home depart-
ment and the training of the immortal
souls committed to her care there. It
was a deeply-touching talk and opened
the fountain of tears in a many of her
hearers.

We can but mention the balance of the
speakers. Our traveller, Sergeant-Major
Seeds, well-known as a good, straight-
forward Salvationist, gave a stirring tes-
timony, not only with respect to his
spiritual standing, but in reference to
Headquarters people, amongst whom he
said he had found some of the best men
he had ever known. Major Gaskin,
Brigadier Reed, Mrs. Colonel Jacobs,
Mrs. Bridley and Brigadier Margetta,
followed with good words. Mrs. Jacobs
especially making mention of her Com-
rades' sympathy during the Colonel's ill-
health and absence.

Then the Field Commissioner rose, not
to give a set address, but to let her heart
talk to the hearts around her of the
things of God and His Kingdom.

Owing to the calm of the night and
her desire that no one should take any
harm physically the Commissioner would
not say much, although her heart was
full; nevertheless, she poured out a lot
of hot truth of a kind that penetrated,
melted and went home to the very quick,
yet healed and helped as well. The
Field Commissioner, in the course of her
remarks, made a reference to the Gen-
eral, whose name was greeted with cries
of "God bless him!" The General, the
Commissioner said, in his recent letters
to her, had been denouncing the lack of
great faith amongst us. There are so
few mighty BELIEVERS," said the
Commissioner. "We take up time to
think God for what He has done for
us, and yet we have not let Him teach
us to BELIEVE as we should. Oh that
we were better believers! I want wonders
we should do for God if we were mighty
in faith."

"Confidence," the Commissioner re-
minded us, "can master natural diffi-
culty." Illustrating the same by the story
of a Soldier who turned pale at the
thought of carrying a bottle, and of
whom another officer said: "What a
coward!" whereupon the General in
command said, "Nay, he is the bravest
man in his regiment, because through
devotion to duty he floundered over na-
ture." And faith produces the same vic-
tory in God's saints.

The Commissioner thought it might be
attributed to her work keeping her behind
the scenes so closely lately that her
heart was so hot within her to pour out
herself upon the crowds who are perishing
in darkness. If any were cooled down
she had never been guilty of carrying a
cold heart about that was more fit
for the cold grave than to be amongst
men and women. If any were cooled down
in low and zen they should stir up what
fervency was left and ask God to stretch
out His hands and heal them. Oh the
crowd of FAITH people there are in God's
service, all nice and sweet, but FAITH;
and God cannot sound His bugle call to
war for them; they are not fit to fight.
Some one had commended some one be-
cause he "was no more," but the Com-
missioner wouldn't give twopenny-half-
penny for the man prepared to run no
risks. Better lose it in the risk than
do nothing for God. The Commis-
sioner had run many risks in her time and
would again. Have fervency of spirit;
fix your purpose; have your ambition
in God; and have it as high as the
Cross; you cannot have it higher, and
win God's smile by giving Him a life of
service the best, hot, earnest, true.

Much more was said which in the
darkness of the night could not be noted,
but a strong wave of feeling was upon
all. Brigadier Complin prayed, then the

Field Commissioner started the "Culet-of-
the-Staff's" great holiness song, of which
the words
"My soul to my Saviour draws near"
were sung in an extraordinary wave of
spiritual ecstasy. Then the Field Com-
missioner prayed—prayed for the Gen-
eral, the Army, her own people, prayed
on and on as if unable to cease.

J. C.

NOT DONE IN A CORNER.

It was only a little Salvation L-r-ster-
the yellow strip of broad round her collar
denoting her rank to be that of a Cadet
in one of our Training Garrison.

It was the end of the recent Harvest
Festival week, and special duties in ad-
dition to ordinary ones which this effort
had meant, no doubt had made her a
bit weary, but she stepped from the
H. doors with a bright face and a bun-
dle of War Cry on her arm, determined
to do her very best with the opportu-
nities that afternoon would bring her.

Just as she reached the corner of Col-
lege and Spadina streets, a well-dressed
man asked her for a War Cry. She said
him one, at the same time speaking to
him about his soul. This started a con-
versation, during which the Cadet dis-
covered that his wife was a good Chris-
tian, and evidently the Spirit of God was
working in his heart, for he confessed he
felt he ought to be one, too.

This information inspired our little
Comrade, and she urged him to get con-
verted without delay. "Would you pray
for me now?" asked he. "Certainly I
will," was the answer. "No better time
than now." He was silent, seemed to
be weighing the whole thing up and
examining the cost of such a step, when
suddenly, in that busy thoroughfare, he
dropped upon his knees, immediately fol-
lowed by the Cadet, who, equal to the
occasion, commenced singing an appro-
priate chorus to help the anxious soul.

Then she prayed—sang again—then made
him pray for himself; he did so, pouring
out his soul to God, pleading for mercy
and pardon.

As sincerity and faith always command
Heaven's attention, God heard and an-
swered this penitent's prayer, although
offered under such unorthodox circum-
stances.

He "rot through" of course, then the
Cadet made him rise to his feet and give
his testimony to the crowd of people
which had been gathering round such a
novel scene; and on the spot where his
light of the Cross had shone into his
poor, dark soul he began telling the
wonder-struck people what he had found.

When he had finished speaking, the
Cadet, with the unwary-made convert,
kneel again, and the leader closed the
meeting, perhaps one of the most re-
markable that has ever been conducted
in the Queen City.

CARRIE STANFON,
Adjutant.

TOOLS FOR HOLY TASKS

LOVE is the fulfilling of the Law,
and the great glory of the Gos-
pel of Christ is that it brings
us back to love His law, and as the
angels delight in it, so we delight in it,
and the righteousness of the Law—blue,
deep, broad and long, as it is—shall be
fulfilled in "us who walk not after the
flesh but after the Spirit."—MRS. GEN-
ERAL, BOOTH.

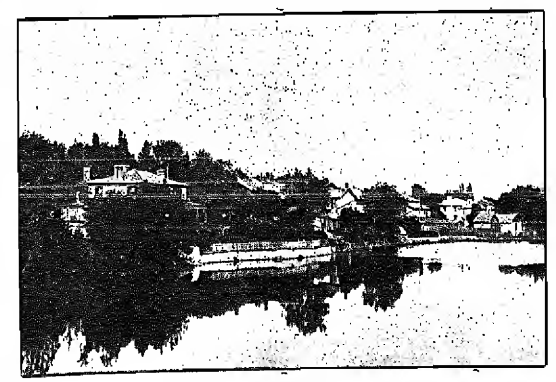
I must learn to look upon the Cross
as not only an atonement to God, but
also a victory over the devil; not only
a deliverance from the guilt, but also
from the power of sin.—ANDREW MUI-
RAY.

SOLOMON: "Who can say, I have
made my heart clean: I am pure from
my sin?"—Proverbs xx. 9. Now, Paul,
now is your turn!

PAUL: "But now being made FREE
FROM SIN, and become servants to God,
ye have your FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS,
and the end everlasting life."—Extract
from Caughy's works.

"Then the devil leaveth him." He had,
saith St. Luke says, "ended all temptation,"
which only for a season, or as it may
be rendered, till a fitting opportunity.
He had expended in vain every shell
which he could derive from the lust of
the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the
pride of life, and he departed from him.
—FARRAR.

Did not the Holy Ghost immigrate
this very age with flames of fire? Our
God is a consuming fire; and when once
the unity of His people is reached,
and His presence is sought, He will de-
scend, overcoming all obstacles, and
converting a drenched and dripping suc-
cumbent into fuel, on which He Himself
can feed.—MEYER.



ON THE SPED, Guelph.

SONGS.

Tunes.—Come, brethren dear (B.B., 9);
Come on, my partners (B.J., 180, 1);
Wroughtby (H.J., 103, 1); Praise (H.
J., 143, 1).

1 Dear Lord, before Thee now we bow,
Pour down Thy Spirit on us now,
With love oh fill our hearts!
To Thee, O Lord, we long to give
Each hour and moment as we live,
With power, oh, fill our hearts!

Off in the past we would not heed
Thy loving Voice, but now we plead
To be entirely Thine.
Grant that to others we may show
Thy love, which sets us all aglow,
With fire, oh, fill our hearts!

Give us Thy wisdom, light and love
Oh, let Thy Spirit from above
Now on us all descend!
With one accord our voices blend,
We'll faithful be right to the end,
Oh, give us grace just now!

2 Have you been to Jesus for the
cleansing power?
Are you washed in the Blood of
the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this
hour?
Are you washed in the Blood of the
Lamb?

Are you washed in the Blood—
In the soul-cleansing Blood of the
Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? Are they
white as snow?
Are you washed in the Blood of the
Lamb?

Are you walking daily by the Saviour's
side?
Are you washed in the Blood of the
Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Cruci-
fied?
Are you washed in the Blood of the
Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh, will your
roles be white?
Pure and white in the Blood of the
Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the man-
sions bright?
And he washed in the Blood of the
Lamb?

Tune.—Down at the Cross, B. B., 38.
3 Down at the Cross where my Sav-
iour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin
I cried,
There to my heart was the Blood ap-
plied,
Glory to His name!

Chorus.
Glory to His name! Glory to His name!
There to my heart was the Blood applied,
Glory to His name!

I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the Cross where He took me in,
Glory to His name!

Oh, precious Fountain that saves from
sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name!

Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day and be made complete,
Glory to His name!

Tunes.—Boston, B. J., 197, 1; O Lamb of
God, 1 coms, B. J., 151, 3; Hursley;
Just as I am, B. J., 128, 1; Oh, holy
day, B. J., 6, 2; With panting heart;
Ermin, B. J., 221, 4; Winchester, B.
J., 239, 5.

4 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee
Lost and undone for auld I flee;
Weary of earth, myself and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

Thy and heal my sin-sick soul,
Thou alone canst make me whole;
Cursed I am till Thou art mine;
Thy light upon my darkness shine.

At last I own, it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee;
Here, then, to Thee I all resign,
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art Love;
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died."

Tunes.—Wells, B. J., 51, 3; Spanish Chant,
B. J., 122, 2; Rousseau, B. J., 19, 1;
Orie, B. J., 23, 1.

5 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no longer know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone,
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.

—o—

Rouse the Sinner.

By BRIGADIER READ

Tune.—"God is Near, Thee, Tell Thy
Story."

6 See! Sin, and Woe, and Degradation,
Stalk through the earth from shore
to shore;
Millions of souls in every nation
Rush on, sin-bound, to Hell's dark door.
Chorus.

O, then warn them! Help, O help them!
For their plagues swiftly fly!
Go and rouse them! Go and save them!
Heed their agonizing cry.

Gambling and drink, lust, racing, bet-
ting,
With kindred sins of every type
Cause men to rush on, God-forgetting,
All good desires and thoughts to blight.

See! from their eyes flash hellish fire;
Last! from their lips flow curses vile;
Halls, feet, brain, senses, all aspire
Their lives and others to beguile.

Souler of Jesus, sound a warning,
Tell sinners of their awful state;
Then lift the Lamb with love so charn-
ing,
Show every sin-slave Mercy's gate.

Last Chorus.

Help me, Jesus! Help, O help me power!
O baptize my soul just now!
Make me stronger! O, my Tower,
As before Thee now I bow.

[NOTE:—The last chorus should be
sung with right hand uplifted and hands
down.]

Don't get discouraged.



TYPES OF SPOKANE INDIANS.

Our Klondyke Pioneers.

Described by Major Southall.

LOANS.
LOANS.
LOANS.

ANY PERSON having money
to invest would do well to
write to Territorial Headquar-
ters for information. We can
offer most reliable security
with interest for large or
small sums. Full particulars
can be had from
STAFF-CAPT. SWEETEN,
Albert St. Toronto.

It is no small satisfaction to the mind
of a Salvationist to know that in
Alaska, now thronged with excited gold-
hunters, there is planted the Blood and
Fire banner, and that that godless crowd
is not without those who will remind the
seekers of the Pearl of Great Price which
will remain when their hard-won wealth
has faded.

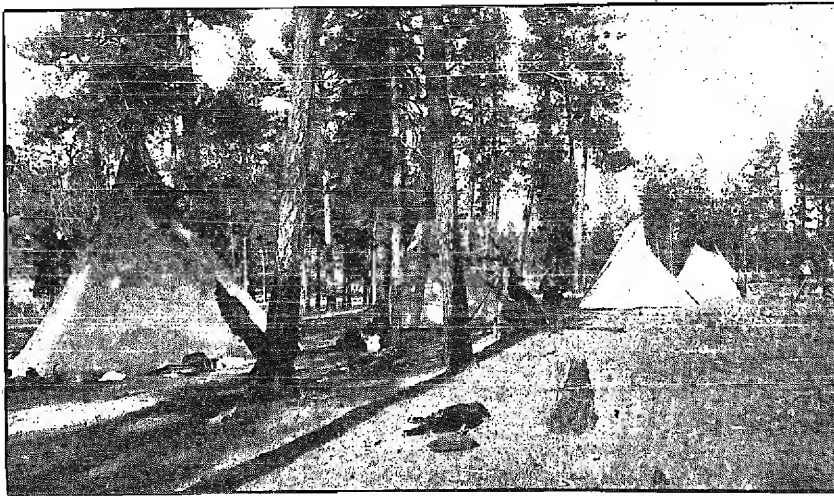
Interviewed by a representative of the
Detroit Journal, Major Southall gives the
following interesting particulars of the
visitation of this new Salvation field.

"Yes," he said, "our flag is now plant-
ed in the snow at Juneau. Thus far we
have sent but two Officers, Captain Stal-
ker, of New Westminster, and Lieu-
tenant Phibbs, of Vancouver, but in
the spring several others may attempt
the hazardous journey. We would not
have invaded Alaska this winter had it
not been for one of our San Francisco
soldiers, C. H. Dale by name, who after
two years in the new Klondike returned
home and was converted a few months
ago in an Army Barracks. He was im-
mensely successful in Alaska, having
come into possession of three mines, each
of them valued at several thousand dol-
lars. After his conversion in 'Frisco he
made a request to the National Head-
quarters at New York that two of our
Officers accompany him back to Juneau,
pledging to support them, pay all ex-
penses of the trip, and see that they
were made as comfortable as possible."

A dispatch from San Francisco, referring
to the embarkation of Dale and his ill-
formed comrades, says:
"Dale is the owner of three mines,
and since he was converted, on a visit
to this city three months since, he has
given much of his wealth in charity.
He is known to all old Californians as
Old Frank, a nickname bestowed upon
him by Mark Twain. In a San Andreas
saloon, many years ago, of Bret Harte,
also, and knew all the boys who were
shifty with their guns in the early days.
He has mined and owned mines in every
quarter of the globe, and made money
out of them all. He may die for gold
on the Klondike, but will devote most
of his time and attention to Salvation
Army work, and to caring for the sick
and needy."

A miner returned from Yukon to
Great Falls, Mont., recently, and declar-
ed that he saw 2,000 graves of prospectors
who had fallen while in quest of gold.
This fact shows how urgently needed
are those who will tell to the gold-digger
miners the truths of the gospel," says
Major Southall.

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INDIAN ENCAMPMENT, Spokane, sent of the Pacific Province Headquarters.